

THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY," FOR "POWER IS ALWAYS STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."

VOLUME XVII.]

CHARLOTTE, N. C. SEPTEMBER 30, 1847.

[NUMBER 52.

T. J. HOLTON,
EDITOR, PROPRIETOR & PUBLISHER.

TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid in advance. THREE DOLLARS if not paid within six months, and THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid until the expiration of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

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AGENTS.
Col. R. M. Cochran, Mecklenburg, N. C.
Cas. W. Harris, Mill Creek, N. C.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

ON THE SUN [Sun Sun] MOON'S PHASES.
1847.

20. Thursday,	6 8 5 52	For October, 1847.
1 Friday,	6 10 2 59	9 a.m.
2 Saturday,	6 11 5 49 Last	1 3 5 minutes
3 Sunday,	6 12 5 48 Now	2 3 5 minutes
4 Monday,	6 13 5 47 First	2 20 minutes
5 Tuesday,	6 14 5 46 Full	2 3 15 minutes
6 Wednesday,	6 15 5 45 Last	3 4 15 minutes

POETRY.



THE TILLER OF THE SOIL.

By G. L. Smith.
A hardy, sunburnt man is he—
A hardy, sunburnt man!
No stammering youth here sees,
Though all the world you pass,
In summer's heat, in winter's cold,
You'll find him at his task!

Out! far above the king of all is old
The Tiller of the Soil!

No weighty load secures his door,
No such a dog around;

He walks no easier than he's a'rt,

No dead air on his ground.

A peasant farmer is he,

Unknown in earth or bourn;

From many crooking waters' beds

Is the Tiller of the Soil!

His stocks are seen on every side,

His barns are full o' wale grain;

Through others' land not far from' his,

He labors not in vain.

The tangle gives up its rich increase,

The sweet reward of toil;

And man with happiness and peace

Is the Tiller of the Soil!

He labors not at length of day,

And toils not far away;

As he thrills the yielding clay,

He sings a joyful song;

He is hardy, sunburnt man,

But a modest, simple soul,

The smile a' bright, the heart is light,

Of the Tiller of the Soil!

And when the orchard day has crowned

With gold the western sky,

Before his dwelling he is found,

With cheerful face o'er—

With both laughing齐齐,

Croresse with one voice,

God joy to every soul!

Is the Tiller of the Soil?

A hardy, sunburnt man is he—

A hardy, sunburnt man!

But he can't have a kinder face,

As he, the Tiller, can!

Not summer's heat, nor winter's cold

The power has live in his

God far above the knights of old;

Is the Tiller of the Soil!

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE AND INDIGO.

FROM THE FRENCH.

M. Durensel, a wealthy and industrious merchant, was at work in his counting house one morning, long before the arrival of his clerks, when he was disturbed by the announcement of M. Salomon. "Ah, ah!" said the merchant, "what, you have come about the indigo?"

"Very far from it; I come about a love affair."

M. Salomon, divesting himself entirely of business and paying M. Durensel a visit at six o'clock in the morning to talk about a love affair, was a thing so extraordinary, that the honest merchant looked at his visitor with an eye of suspicion, much in the same way as he would have regarded a person of unsound mind; but Salomon continued to speak with that calm sense which distinguished him in all mercantile transactions.

"You know, Sir, that I am a Jew, and that I have two children."

"I know your religion, but are not acquainted with your family?"

"My son arrived last night from London, where he had been residing for the last twelve months. My daughter—ah, Sir, she is the pride and the joy of my heart! She is more beautiful than Edgar or Rachel, more gentle and submissive than was the daughter of Jephtha. And you, Sir, you have a son?"

"Yes, but I do not see—"

"You will see, when I tell you that he is in love with my daughter, and that it is on this account I have intruded on you so early."

"Charles in love with your daughter?"

"Yes, Sir, your Charles loves my Leah; she has told me so herself. What is to be done? Neither you nor I can allow an acquaintance to be kept up between them if a marriage may not succeed. Their fortunes are, possibly, equal, and the prejudices which existed against our race, thanks to enlightened times, are nearly extinct. But the beneficence of the law, which has extended our privileges, has not the power

to alter my religious principles, and, as I have said, I am an Israélite. I cannot give my child to a man who adores Christ, and follows not the precepts of Moses; therefore you will perceive that I do not come to forward this marriage. I would rather endeavor to prevent it, and, if I judge you rightly, you would do the same."

M. Durensel leaned on his bureau, and was for a time silent, recollecting to mind the distinctive traits of his son's character. "Charles," said he, "is honest and candid, but his disposition is ardent and changeable. What will be the result of this?" Then, struck with the last words of M. Salomon, he continued, "Yes, of course, I venerate my own religion; it was that of my father, and must be that of my grandchild."

"Well, then, since we are of the same mind, you will think, as I do, that it is our duty to separate these young people. Would it be convenient for you to send away your son for a year or two? If not, I must part with my Leah. I have a birth at Leiston; she shall go to him."

M. Durensel treated with Salomon as he had done the day before respecting the indigo; he required time. He could not reasonably enter into any engagement until he had seen his son; but he promised an answer at the earliest possible period, and the two merchants separated. M. Durensel hastened immediately to his wife; but the lady, instead of admiring her new pageant,

"You are right," answered the Jew, with a penetrating glance at Durensel.

"Well, then, let us consider," said the Luke-warm Christian, "I think you were at Bourdeaux some five and twenty years ago; you were then young, rich, and well received by the women. I have some remembrance that there was not then some certain Clarissa who was not of your religion."

"You are right," answered the Jew, with a penetrating glance at Durensel.

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"Yes, yes, I do not deny it," interrupted Salomon. "Well, and I am ready to confess that, since I have seen your daughter, I can easily forgive Charles for falling in love with a Jewess. Why then should we prohibit our children from indulging in a passion which in honesty would lead them to plight their faith at the altar, and entreat their love by a tie the most sacred?"

"King David could have done no more."

David gave no example for us at present," said Durensel, since he broke through laws without a virtuous purpose; we're uniting a Christian to a Jewess shall prevent bloodshed, and I know of no religion, true religion, which induces one man ready to take the life of another. Let us therefore prefer the alternative that will occasion us the least remorse and grief. We no longer live in the days of Abraham; we are no longer obliged to sacrifice our children; besides, the knife was stayed before it could descend on the victim. May we not, my dear Salomon, consider the angel as the spirit of reason, moderation, and charity; virtues rather neglected among us? And why should we impose our religious beliefs on our children, since they are strong enough to die and set for themselves. I will undertake to convince my wife, if you will do the same with Madame Salomon."

"Madame Salomon is dead!" sighed the Jew; then added, "but our grandchild?"

"It is to be hoped that their father and mother will exhibit the same good sense that we shall have done, and when they are of age to decide for themselves, their children may be allowed to choose from conviction."

Salomon held forth his hand to Durensel. "It is so," said he; "and now about the indigo?"

"Oh, I will take it at your own price, discount or discount; in any terms you please."

It was Leah, the daughter of M. Salomon, who, pale and breathless, thus sought M. Durensel. The old merchant was convinced at his first glance that the Israélite had not overpassed the charms of his daughter. Never had she been more beautiful, nor so fair complexion, with hair of so dark a hue. She had the air of a queen, but her dignity was mingled with gracefulness, and was at this time enhanced by sorrow. The queen was lost in the tenderness of the woman; for something, of more consequence to Leah than a kingdom was at stake—the lives of two persons whom she loved devoutly.

"I fear you will think me bold in thus coming to seek your son; but you do not know the misfortune which threatens us."

"What misfortune, young lady? Explain."

"I have a brother, sir, young and violent as your son; he considered the love of Charles as an insult, and if they should meet—ah, Sir, if they meet, and a fatal encounter should attend their quarrel, I shall be unhappy for him!"

At that moment a servant entered with a letter—

"What is that for?" asked M. Durensel, hastily rising.

"For M. Charles."

The father took it, broke the seal, and having read it, gave it to the fair Jewess.

"You were right," said he, "it is a challenge; and we are strongly wedded, that Charles, with all his love for the sister, may not refuse to cross swords with the brother."

Leah read the note, understanding it in part, threw them around her despatch.

"My son is not at home, observed M. Durensel; therefore make yourself easy on his account. We have yet some time; I will take you to my wife; you shall remain with me till my return. Young lady, you shall be unhappy for him!"

"I fear you will think me bold in thus coming to seek your son; but you do not know the misfortune which threatens us."

"What misfortune, young lady? Explain."

In New York, the wholesale druggists, physicians, whose business it is to go to the hotels, and make acquaintance with western merchants, in order to obtain in them goods of the firm which employ them. These clerks are called "drummers."

The Sunday Advertiser tells us a good story of a waggon-drugget who played the following trick on one of his neighbors, notorious for being honest in this way.

He had been waiting on-by-a great young fellow from the country, anxious to obtain a situation:

"I don't want any body now, my young friend," he said, at first.

"Why, I guess, with all these ore things and heaps of goods, you must find something for a chap like me to do, now."

"I tell you, I don't want any one."

"Why, there's nothing I can't turn my hand to."

"Well, tell me what you can do," said the importuner, a little annoyed at the perseverance of his visitor.

"Well, Sir, in the country I can hoe and plough, cut wood and split apple trees, milk the cow and tether hogs, thresh wheat and reap a cedar will and then in the way of music, I can drum."

"Oh! you can drum; I know a firm that wants a drummer."

"Then I'm the chap; I've practised it for my master since was ten years old."

"Have you got your drummer in the city?"

"Yes, it's down aboard the ship Nancy, Capt. Higgins."

The importuner wrote on a piece of paper, the names of a drugget's firm in Pearl street, well known for their employment of drummers.

"There," said he, "get your drum and go to that place; the owners are famous for drumming up customers; and you will soon find a master."

"Yes," said Salomon, his voice choking with an endeavor to suppress his tears; "his affections could be calculated like interests; but all the good in the world would not be an equivalent for my son. I love him equal with his sister, and I cannot admit your distinction."

"But," said Durensel, as if not heeding the last words of the other, "Charles is a most adroit swordman, and he has seldom found an equal at hitting the mark."

"My son," said the Israélite, "will strike a ten-sous piece at thirty paces, and he has disarmed more than one of our best fencing masters."

"But," said Durensel, after a pause, his agitation increasing as he ap-

proached the mounted-point of religious difference, "the affair does not stand as it did when you came to me this morning."

"No, I am quite aware of that."

"This morning we talked of feelings which we could not rightly understand; for we thought we could deprive our children of their happiness without any loss to ourselves. But we are undecided; we may, one, or both of us, lose a son; yet your daughter, far from being happier, will experience quite a contrary result. In such a position would it not be more reasonable for us to make some sacrifice?"

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